

# EFFIE MAY

Song and Chorus.

WORDS BY

P. DE GEER

MUSIC

BY

J. HENRY WHITTEMORE.

30

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ESTABLISHED MAY

AND JOHN

WOLFE

R. D. C.

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TO THE



THE MAY.

Words by P. DE GEER.

Music by J. HENRY WHITTEMORE.

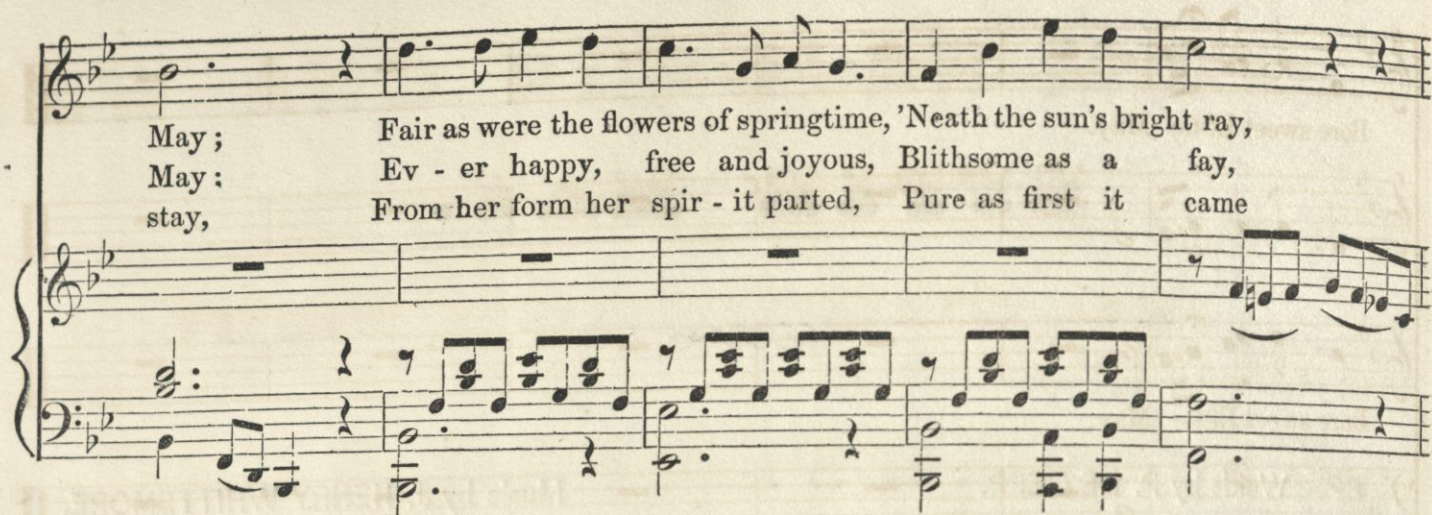
Piano.

1. 'Neath a co - zy      vine-clad window,  
2. Faithful, pure and      ev - er faultless  
3. But upon a      cot of suffering,

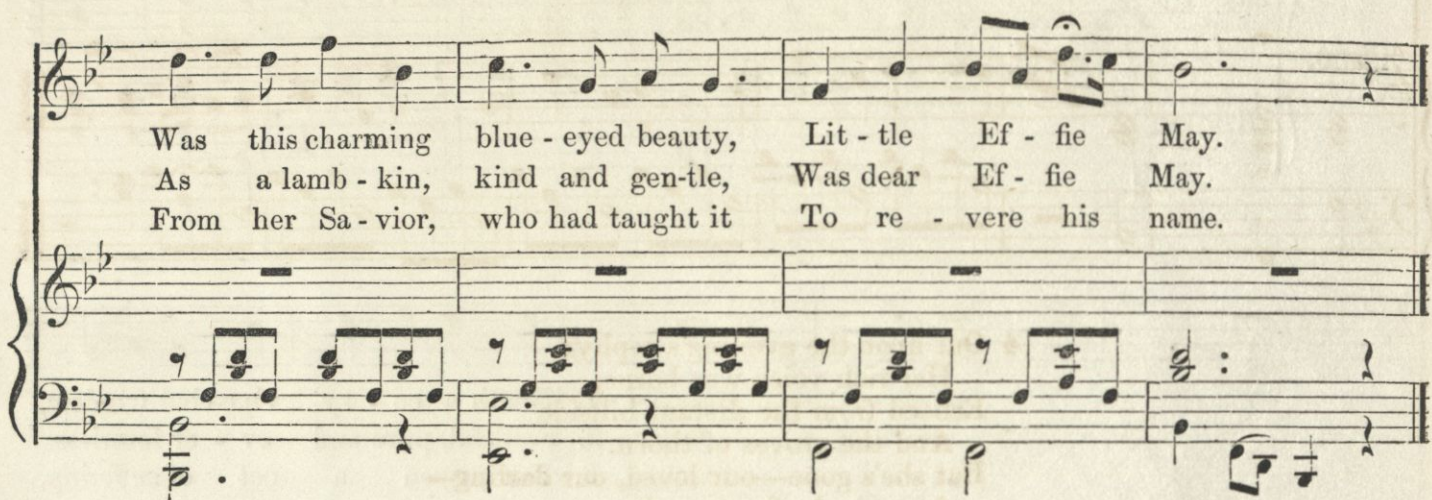
Where the moonbeams play,  
Gay - est of the gay,  
She was doom'd to lay,

Gaz - ing out up - on the river, Sat sweet Ef - fie  
Tripping sylph-like as a fairy, Roam'd our Ef - fie  
And no *mother's* earn - est pleading Could her illness





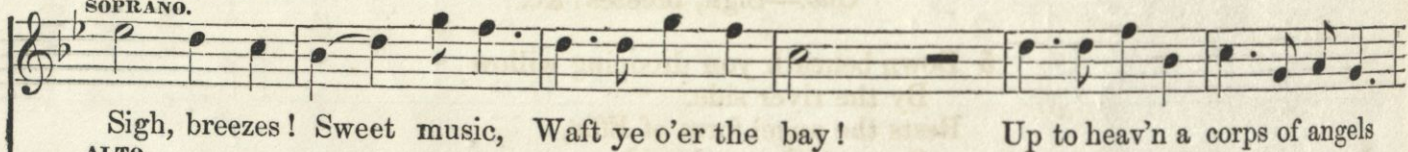
May ; Fair as were the flowers of springtime, 'Neath the sun's bright ray,  
 May : Ev - er happy, free and joyous, Blithsome as a fay,  
 stay, From her form her spir - it parted, Pure as first it came



Was this charming blue - eyed beauty, Lit - tle Ef - fie May.  
 As a lamb - kin, kind and gen - tle, Was dear Ef - fie May.  
 From her Sa - vior, who had taught it To re - vere his name.

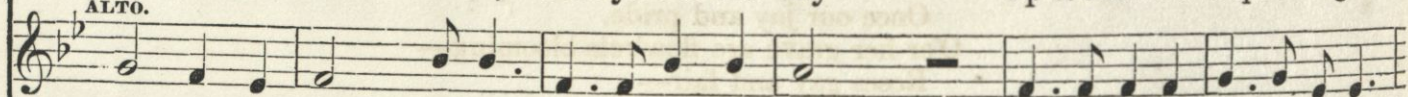
## CHORUS.

SOPRANO.



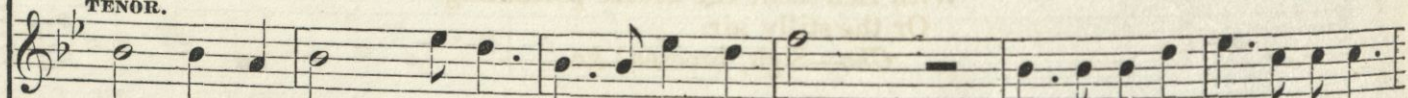
Sigh, breezes! Sweet music, Waft ye o'er the bay! Up to heav'n a corps of angels

ALTO.



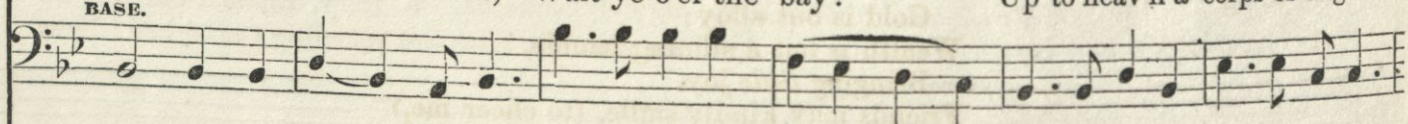
Sigh, breezes! Sweet music, Waft ye o'er the bay! Up to heav'n a corps of angels

TENOR.

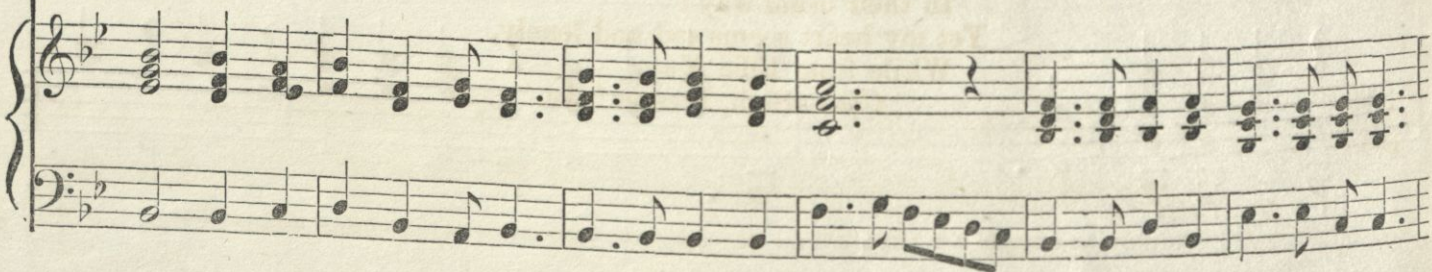


Sigh, breezes! Sweet music, Waft ye o'er the bay! Up to heav'n a corps of angels

BASE.



Sigh, breezes! Sweet music, Waft ye o'er the bay! Up to heav'n a corps of angels





Bore sweet Ef-fie May.

Bore sweet Ef-fie May.

4 Out upon the evening's zephyr  
 Her rich voice was borne,  
 Echoed from the distant hillside  
 And the groves of thorn.  
 But she's gone—our loved, our darling—  
 Away—oh, far away!  
 Borne unto a land of beauty  
 Was our Effie May.  
*Cho.*—Sigh, breezes! &c.

5 Down beneath yon drooping willow  
 By the river side,  
 Rests the angel form of Effie,  
 Once our joy and pride.  
 O'er her grave are flow'rets blooming—  
 Roses gay and fair—  
 With rich scent the breeze perfuming—  
 Or the stilly air.  
*Cho.*—Sigh, breezes! &c.

6 I am tired of all earth's revels—  
 Gold is but alloy;  
 Wealth is but a shining bauble,  
 Bringing *little* joy.  
 Friends may kindly smile, (to cheer me,)  
 In their usual way!  
 Yet my heart seems sad and lonely,  
 While from Effie May.  
*Cho.*—Sigh, breezes! &c.



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